Affliction's Faded Form Draws Nigh

Doh is E · 4/4 Tune: UXBRIDGE

| d - - - | d - r - m - r - | d - - - t, - - - |
Af- fliction's faded form draws

| d - - - m - - - | s - s - l - t - |
nigh, With wrinkled brow and

| d' - - - l - - - | s - - - s - - - |
downcast eye; With

| d' - s - l - s - | f - - - m - - - |
sackcloth on her bosom

| r - - - r - - - | m - s - s - f - |
spread, And ashes scattered

| m - - - r - - - | d - - - |
o'er her head.

The other verses

2 But deem her not a child of earth;
From heaven she draws her sacred birth;
Beside the throne of God she stands
To execute his kind commands.

3 The messenger of love, she flies
To train us for our sphere, the skies;
And onward as we move, the way
Becomes more smooth, more bright the day.

4 Her weeds to robes of glory turn,
Her looks with kindling radiance burn;
And from her lips these accents steal, —
"God smites to bless, he wounds to heal!"

Tune UXBRIDGE by Lowell Mason (1792–1872); words by Anonymous. Public domain: free to print, copy and sing. Solfa written by NoteFusion's engine from the hymn's notes.